



I WAS A TEEN-AGE SLIDE RULE

In a recent learned journal (*Mad*) the distinguished board chairman (Ralph "Hot-Lips" Sigafos) of one of our most important American corporations (the Arf Mechanical Dog Co.) wrote a trenchant article in which he pinpointed our gravest national problem: the lack of culture among science graduates.

Mr. Sigafos's article, it must be emphasized, was in no sense derogatory. He stated quite clearly that the science student, what with his gruelling curriculum in physics, math, and chemistry, can hardly be expected to find time to study the arts too. What Mr. Sigafos deploras—indeed, what we all deplore—is the lopsided result of today's science courses: graduates who can build a bridge but can't compose a concerto, who know Planck's Constant but not Botticelli's *Venus*, who are familiar with Fraunhofer's lines but not with Schiller's.

Mr. Sigafos can find no solution to this hideous imbalance. I, however, believe there is one—and a very simple one. It is this: if students of science don't have time to come to the arts, then we must let the arts come to students of science.



He will know that he is a fulfilled man...

For example, it would be a very easy thing to teach *poetry* and *music* right along with *physics*. Students, instead of merely being called upon to recite in physics class, would instead be required to rhyme their answers and set them to familiar tunes—like, for instance, *The Colonel Bogey March*. Thus recitations would not only be chock-full of important facts but would, at the same time, expose the student to the aesthetic delights of great music. Here, try it yourself. You all know *The Colonel Bogey March*. Come, sing along with me:

Physics
In what we learn in class,
Einstein
Said energy is mass,
Newton
Is highfalutin
And Pascal's a rascal. So's Boyle.

Do you see how much more broadening, how much more uplifting to learn physics this way? Of course you do. What? You want another chorus? By all means:

Leyden
He made the Leyden jar,
Trolley
He made the Trolley car,
Curie
Rode in a survey,
And Diesel's a vessel. So's Boyle.

Once the student has mastered *The Colonel Bogey March*, he can go on to more complicated melodies like *Death and Transfiguration*, the *Eraica*, and *Love Me Tender*.

And when the student, loaded with science and culture, leaves the classroom and lights his Marlboro, how much more he will enjoy that filter, that flavor, that pack or box! Because there will no longer be an unease gnawing at his soul, no longer a little voice within him repeating that he is culturally a dolt. *He will know—know joyously—that he is a fulfilled man*, a whole man, and he will hark and revel in the pleasure of his Marlboro as a colt rolls in new grass—content, complete, truly educated—a credit to his college, to himself, and to his tobaccoist!

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And while he is rolling, colt-wise, in the new grass, perhaps he would stop long enough to try a new cigarette from the makers of Marlboro—unfiltered, king-size Philip Morris Commander. Welcome aboard!



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